

That is precisely what has happened to our little city of Augusta. She awoke a few mornings ago and found herself in-famous. As we Augustans sit at our coffee, the great New York and Boston dailies before us, with their

flaming head-lines and startling announce-
ments, "Intense Excitement Prevailing," "The City Quiet To-Day," etc., we wonder what city they are "alluding to in their remarks." They are alluding to know that the people of Maine get mad, now and then, in a decorous, orthodox way, but excited—never. I have walked the streets and conversed with the "masses" quite as much as was becoming in a "wicked Maine clergyman," and am bound to depose that the aforementioned masses have simply "got their grit up," and have sworn by the gum on their great pine-tree, (*this thing shan't go through.*) It must be admitted that this oath for confirmation was uttered with firmly adjusted molars, and a certain flinty ex-

pression of the eye which, in Maine, signifies that something or somebody is *in extremis*, or about to be. In this case it has proved to be our Fusion brethren. At this moment, no many rods from my study, is assembling a formidable body of men to enact the one or two remaining scenes of a play that began in deep tragedy, but, in violation of all rhetorical and poetical rules, is ending in a broad farce. They are playing at Legislature, while we Republicans, "the clergyman" and all, stand round about laughing at them. Without a treasury, without a treasury, without an executioner, there they sit, helpless, conscience-stricken, covered with ignominy, a gazing-board for gods and men.

It is a pitiful sight that blows nobody any good.

Accordingly, we "Maine clergymen" have been pre-occupied about us to discover the good that this "Sarsar wind of death" may have dispensed. First and foremost we have observed with joy the sweeping revivals that have passed through the editorial sanctums of our Democratic brethren. What carefulness it has wrought in them, what clearing of themselves, what indignation, yea, what vehement desire, yea, what zeal, yea, what revenge! Who would not be a country person in Maine to be lectured by the Boston "Post" and the "Globe"! We innocent clergymen, seeing that poor old Garrison, his Council and his co-purporters, representing neither wealth, culture, social position, influence, religion or common sense, should be so much to be feared, we have been

we were engaged in a huge, virtually, unending war on our voices, like faithful watchmen, as we stepped up. When, lo, gentlemen from Boston, New York, the middle and the west, even from the Pacific coast, came to pour their "sweetness and light" on us. We who were upon the ground and knew our ground (I speak where I do know) were greatly perplexed to learn that these were making war upon the very elect that these foreign protestations breathed such pious zeal for "the purity of our clerical robes," for "the honor of God's holy house," for "the dignity of our sacred calling," that our eyes were opened to a fact which this ill wind, a regular down-easter has blown on this country. The party, we should be said of the Democratic party, we "Maine clergymen" are convinced that Democratic editors, in the lump,

Another thing we have learned from the wickedness to above is that wickedness, as we first set, is not as "smart" as goodness. When we ter all out to corner these willy gentlemen it seemed very much as if we were chasing a bunch of lambs. While we were lumbering along the king's highway in the good old Constitution, these nimble sinners were skipping away. Crossed out the Supreme Court would head them off, but they "took it" as lightly as a fox would take a mouse. But they were not so collared the poor old Governor on his way to Portland, brought him, *et cetera*, to the State House, compelled him to submit the subject to the people, and they thought he would try

his hair without convenient cause," and with "the
his expire executive breath appointed the
thunderer in-iced, General Chamberlain
thus, at one fell swoop, turning the conspiracy
bodily over to the grasp of his. "Yes," said
the other, "but the man who is not a
sleazes into the great name," and
being mistaken for the neck of this
between the two and circumpectly, gentlemen,
off your own head."

New England Mines.

and wide-spread interest. The bare mention of rich mineral deposits would have caused a few months ago an incredulous smile; but that the rocky coast of Maine protects great beds of silver, gold and lead is now proved beyond doubt, and capitalists are realizing that it is not necessary to go to the far West in search of safe mining investments. The business men of Portland were very slow to believe that the paying mines could be found in their State, owing to the fact that many Maine mines had lost heavily in Western mines, but to day many of her wealthiest and shrewdest merchants are heavily interested in the Acton mines, situated in the town of Acton, about one hour's ride from Portland on the Rockwell Railroad. There are now four mines in

Acton controlled by Portland parties—the Acton, Forest City, Portland Acton and Boston Acton. The last assay from the Acton mines was of 660 pounds gross ore, giving 44.5 per cent silver, the net profit of which would be about \$36. In addition to the silver there were valuable quantities of galena and other minerals. Further east in the State are the mining regions of Bluehill, Gouldsboro, Sullivan, Cherryfield and Franklin. These are all contain first-class mines; among them may be mentioned the Bluehill, Clark, Atlantic, Sullivan, Bisbee, Probable, Favorite, Meramcy and Grant, all of which have strong organic and heavy capital. On the shore of Taunton is the town of Franklin. This district also contains a number of mines, but is not as well developed as the others.

Esquimaux, Warden's survey, in which the average value of the fine mines, notably the Silver Star, the Mineral Hagan and Clark. The latter, on a surface assay, gave a total of over \$800000 in silver, lead and gold, while the Mineral Hagan is high for an assay that the metals is but a few dollars a ton it must leave a handsome margin of profit with a prospect of rapidly increasing value. The shaft is now being lowered and the ore is being taken from the Mineral Hagan, situated in East Wainwright field, and the Ammonossee and Wainwright and Mineral Hagan copper ranges. These are all considered rising. Some of the heaviest owners of Ammonossee mines are now selling their shares at a profit of from a few months to a year.

The Maline and New Hampshire mines and the "bonanza" is cool, but that the latter may be

is unquestionable. It is a subject that is rapidly attracting the attention of business men, and the Portland Mining Exchange is receiving a great many letters of inquiry from all over the country. The parties at the head of these mines are business men of well known ability and integrity, and it is not proper that they should be taken into consideration as gamblers. If possible, to push them through to the place they deserve, that of being great bullion producing mines.

William Marion split his brother John's skull in Brooklyn Monday night and fatally wounded James Fleming in a whiskey fight.

Morris Wycinski, a clerk, aged 22, committed suicide in a bath room of the American House in Boston yesterday morning by shooting himself with a pistol.

James Williams, a laborer, was arrested for the murder of his wife in New York yesterday. Her mutilated body was found in a room with him. He was drunk.

It is reported that a duel is in prospect between Major E. A. Burke of the New Orleans Democrat and Major H. I. Hearsey of the States, of that city.